

MABEL, THE PROFESSIONAL

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EXT. STORE - DAY

Enter on a garden store. An old lady, MABEL, is shopping. She is wearing a bright sweater and gaudy hat. She walks along aisles, gathering supplies, like shovels and rope. She moves slowly, examining each item for a short time. She smiles and hums as she walks along the rows of plants. She goes inside. She reaches the checkout counter, where YOUNG EMPLOYEE is waiting to check her out. Mabel is disgruntled by the commotion in the store. She tightens her grip on her purse in annoyance. There is a baby behind her in line, crying in his stroller. There is loud elevator music overhead. The beeping of the scanners sound intermittently, adding to her annoyance.

MABEL

Hey there, sweetheart, how are you doing today?

YOUNG EMPLOYEE

(monotone)

I'm doing okay, ma'am. How 'bout yourself?

MABEL

What was that, dear? I couldn't quite hear you.

YOUNG EMPLOYEE

(louder)

I was asking how you're doing, ma'am!

Mabel looks thoughtful for a minute before answering. Her tone is cheerful, but her face betrays her frustration.

MABEL

Oh you know the usual.

YOUNG EMPLOYEE

Uh-huh.

MABEL

Been awful busy with this new project of mine. Really taking it out of me.

YOUNG EMPLOYEE

(blandly)

We have an assistance program you might be interested in, its...

Mabel interrupts him.

MABEL
(cryptically)
No thanks dear, this is a one
person job.

Mabel waves her hand and laughs softly. She places her gigantic purse on the counter and begins to look for her wallet. She removes her wallet and moves slowly.

Young Employee nods, waiting for Mabel to realize she needs to pay. They stand smiling and maintaining eye contact for a few awkward moments. The baby begins crying again, breaking Mabel from her trance. She swipes her card and turns to exit.

MABEL (CONT'D)
Thank you, dearie! You have a nice
day, now.

YOUNG EMPLOYEE
You're welcome, ma'am. Would you
like some help to your car?

MABEL
(cryptically)
No, dear. Someone is waiting in the
car to help.

Young Employee watches Mabel walk to her car. She opens the door, revealing an empty car, and lifts the heavy supplies into her car with an unnatural strength. Employee is confused, but shrugs it off and continues to work.

EXT. ROAD NEXT TO WOODS - DAY

Mabel's car putters at a steady pace down a empty backroad next to the woods. She pulls to the side of the road, next to a small clearing. She looks around to make sure no cars are passing, then exits the car. She pulls a small cart from her backseat, and puts her new supplies inside. Humming to herself, she slips on a flowery poncho and purple gloves. She walks around to the back of the car, opening the trunk and addressing something inside.

MABEL
How've you been doing, deary? I
hope it's not too stuffy back here.

Mabel moves to reveal a dead body wrapped partially in a tarp. The body is female and middle-aged. Her eyes are closed, the arms are crossed. She is wearing pajamas, and has a still wet gunshot wound in the middle of her chest.

Mabel starts to hoist the body out the truck, moving to reveal a "WORLD'S BEST GRANDMA" sticker shining proudly on the bumper.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Leaves crunch as Mabel walks through the woods, dragging a cart of supplies behind her. The dead body is propped next to the supplies, slouching slightly over the side.

MABEL

Don't the leaves smells wonderful
this time of year? It's a beautiful
day to work.

She looks around at the trees above her and smiles.

MABEL (CONT'D)

If I had the means, I would spend
all my time in a place like this.

She stops at a small clearing and begins unloading her supplies.

Mabel is in the middle of digging a deep hole to bury the body, talking mindlessly as she works.

MABEL (CONT'D)

... and then Edith tried to tell
Mildred that she had got bingo
first, but me and Gretchen both saw
her pull that card out of her
knitting bag!

She pauses every few words to swat away the flies that have begun to surround her. She notices that none of the flies seem to be interested in the body she has brought.

Mabel looks inquisitively at the forest around her, trying to spot the source of the pests. With a heavy sigh, she laboriously climbs out of her hole and retrieves her thick glasses from her bag. She scans her surroundings, and notices the flies concentrated around a bush a few hundred feet away.

As Mabel gets closer, she notices a strange grey object sticking out from behind the bush, flies dotting it's surface. Mabel uses the tip of her shovel to turn the object over, revealing a human foot.

Mabel steps back in surprise, and wields her shovel defensively. She sidesteps around the bush cautiously, peering up the leg of the foot. Her eyes lead her to a body propped up against a tree.

The victim is male, middle-aged, dressed handsomely, with a deep red wound on his abdomen. He is grey in the face, and slumped at the base of the tree. Blood is splattered on the surrounding foliage. There are footprints leading away from the crime scene.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Oh my! What's this?

Mabel turns, looking around the scene in confusion. It is messy, including a bloody knife discarded nearby.

Mabel squats down in front of the body, leaning in to the face. She squints her eyes in concentration.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Well, who are you?

She begins carefully inspecting the body and it's surroundings. After a few moments, she stands and puts her hands on her hips.

MABEL (CONT'D)

It looks like we're going to have to find a new place for you guys. There's just too much going on here.

With a resigned sigh, she begins dragging the body to her cart.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Ugh, I'm too old for this.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Mabel emerges from the woods, laboriously dragging her cart, the new body slouched atop the old one. She approaches her car and opens the trunk. She begins unceremoniously shoving both bodies in the back. She closes the trunk. She mutters to herself and rubs her aching back.

INT. CAR - DAY

Mabel drives, appearing disgruntled. She drives slowly, so slowly that cars honk and go around her as she drives. She grips the steering wheel tightly, and compulsively changes the radio. Mabel flips through a few stations before turning it off.

MABEL

Ugh. Is it too much to ask for some Barry Manilow to take the mind off things?

Suddenly, the car dips and sags to the right. A sound comes from the trunk as the bodies thud against one another.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Oh my! What was that?

Mabel pulls to the side of the road. She gets out of the car frantically, slamming her door. She walks to the side of her car, revealing a flat tire. She breathes steadily to calm her nerves, and pulls out her phone. She places her glasses low on her nose, and squints as she types a phone number slowly.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Hi there...

Mabel sits back in her car, turns on the light next to the rearview mirror, and reaches into the passenger seat. From a canvas bag, she grabs a fuzzy scarf and begins knitting. Soon after she starts, she is interrupted by a loud SUV pulling up behind her car. The GOOD SAMARITAN, a young and rugged man, gets out of the car and walks to her window, the SUV still running. He is a large, bear-like man, sporting a Bass Pro Shop hat, worn flannel, blue jeans, and work boots. The Good Samaritan is talking loudly over the sound of the car, almost yelling.

GOOD SAMARITAN

Hi ya there ma'am. I just noticed you were stuck here on the side of the road. My momma taught me to always help the those who need it, especially our elders. You look like you're in a bit of a pickle. Lemme help you change that tire real quick. Just pop the trunk, and I can check for a spare, quick and dirty. No funny business, promise.

MABEL

Oh dearie, thanks for the offer but my Triple-A is on the way. I'll just sit here nice and snug with my knitting, don't worry a smidgen.

GOOD SAMARITAN

No, no, I can't have you waiting here in the cold, you'll freeze! Lemme just grab the spare from the trunk and I'll be done in a minute.

MABEL

No, please, I'm sure I'll be
alright.

The Good Samaritan moves to the back of the car, ignoring Mabel. Mabel grumbles to herself, bundling her knitting quickly. She throws the bundle back into the passenger seat. She reaches into the foot well of the passenger seat, wielding one of her new shovels. She opens the door and follows behind the Good Samaritan.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Young man, stop right now!

He ignores her and opens the trunk. His eyes widen when he sees the contents of the car. He turns to Mabel, but before he can speak, Mabel whacks him over the head. He falls into the trunk, dead, next to the other bodies. A small splatter of blood stains her sweatshirt. She sighs and shakes her head.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Kids these days...

She closes her trunk, turning to face the flat tire. She pokes it with her foot, then looks around. Her face is wrinkled in frustration. Her eyes land on the SUV, her face relaxes, and she smiles.

Mabel stuffs the three dead bodies into the trunk of the Good Samaritan's SUV. She looks disheveled. She gets in the front seat and turns on the car, and is dismayed to find that the radio is stuck on a loud country station. She covers her ear with one hand, struggling to turn the radio down with the other.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Back in my day, we listened to real
music. What is this stuff?

Mabel begins driving quickly down the freeway. She is frustrated by the loudness of the car and radio, and tries to manage it.

Suddenly, she hears a loud pounding. At first, she believes the engine is breaking down, but after a brief look at the dashboard, she realizes that all the levels are normal and okay. She soon realizes that the pounding is coming from the trunk. She listens closely and hears faint cries of help. Her eyes widen as she realizes that one of her bodies is not dead.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Darn it! That boy. Couldn't he just stay dead?

Mabel exits the freeway, scanning for a good place to pull over. She mutters to herself as she drives

MABEL (CONT'D)

This is not what I signed up for.

The pounding is only increasing, and Mabel's panic is more and more apparent. Her driving becomes erratic.

Suddenly, the sound of sirens blare out from behind her. She sees the blue and red flashes in her rearview mirror. Her eyes widen in fear, and she hesitates before pulling over.

MABEL (CONT'D)

You've got to be kidding me.

Mabel reaches to grab the shovel propped up in the driver's seat, but falters and leaves it there. She gives a hopeless sigh and waits nervously for the policeman to approach her car. She turns the radio back to the high volume to drown out the pounding in the trunk.

COP approaches the side of the car, tapping on her window. Mabel rolls down her window cautiously.

COP

Good evening ma'am. Do you know why I've pulled you over?

Cop is gentle and understanding.

MABEL

Oh yes, it is such a beautiful night out!

Cop looks at her, confused. He hears a faint noise, and looks around to the back of the car. Worried, Mabel tries to distract the officer.

MABEL (CONT'D)

I'd really better be on my way!

COP

Excuse me, ma'am, is there anyway you could turn down the music?

MABEL

I'm sorry, this darned thing has been broken for as long as I can remember.

COP

Well, why don't you turn your car off. It's hard to have a discussion with all this noise.

Mabel's eyes widen. Slowly, she turns the keys and removes them from the engine. She rests her arms on the steering wheel, and then her head, dejectedly waiting for the cop to realize what is going on.

COP (CONT'D)

As I was saying, ma'am, your taillight is out and -

Cop is cut off by pounding and yelling, emanating from the trunk.

GOOD SAMARITAN

(Muffled)

Please! Someone! Help! Anyone!

Cop turns towards the trunk, confused. He double takes to the old woman sitting in front of him, a guilty look on her face. His eyes widen in disbelief, and he steps back in shock.

INT. PRISON - DAY

Mabel sits alone in the corner of her cell. It is silent, for the most part. A low static hum buzzes from the florescent lights above. Mabel is dressed in a bright orange jumpsuit. She is humming and knitting. She smiles and looks content.

An alarm buzzes loudly. She looks up joyfully, despite the loud noise. The cell door opens and a guard leads Mabel down the hallway and outside to a fenced-in prison yard.

The yard is a large expanse of grassy field. There are fallen leaves and trees surrounding the fence. The foliage is very autumnal. Mabel walks to a bench, sits, and looks happily at her surroundings.

FADE TO BLACK.